

eral countries. Their contribution to the development of Huntsville cannot be over-estimated.—Jeanette McKay Morrell.

DAUGHTERS OF PIONEERS SEND WAGON TO REBILD PARK, DENMARK

In the early part of 1935, Governor Blood of the State of Utah, received a request from the Rebild Park Board of Denmark to send a wagon to that country, which would be typical of the conveyance used by the first emigrants from Denmark to Utah. Governor Blood handed this letter to the State Central Company of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, who started to work out plans to comply with the request. The first thought was to obtain an original pioneer wagon, but after the lapse of so many years, it was found to be an impossibility. However, some parts were obtained from old wagons and new parts added, so that a full-sized pioneer wagon was built and sent as a gift from Utah to Denmark. Governor Blood felt that someone should be appointed to go to Denmark to formally present the wagon, and so asked Historian Andrew Jenson to make the trip and represent the State of Utah on that occasion. Brother Jenson was accompanied by his wife, Bertha H. Jenson, and his daughter, Eva Jenson Olson (corresponding secretary of the State Central Company of Utah Pioneers).

They left Salt Lake City on May 11, 1935, and arrived in Copenhagen, Denmark, June 2, 1935. On July 4, 1909, a big celebration was held in Aarhus, Denmark, by Danish-American people, and ever since that time (except during the period of the World War, 1914-1918) the 4th of July has been celebrated in far-off Denmark. A tract of land known as Rebild Park had been purchased during the course of these years by contributions from people still residing in Denmark and those who have emigrated to the United States, and each year a big celebration is held at this place, when several hundreds of people from here travel to Denmark to be present on this occasion. So on July 4, 1935, this pioneer wagon was presented to the Rebild Board by Historian Andrew Jenson. Mrs. Olson spoke in behalf of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, and presented to the Rebild Park Board a bunch of artificial sego lilies made by Mrs. Ellen C. Arnold (Dupont), a Pioneer Song Book, and a number of original relics brought by the emigrants who came in the Forsgren Company in 1853. The wagon was placed in the center of the Lincoln Log Cabin, a building made of logs in an exact replica of the early pioneer log cabins in Utah.

Pioneer Celebrations

The world is so full of a number of things,
I am sure we should all be as happy as Kings.

Every great soul threading the tangled ways of life makes more contentment for others than he gets for himself. In fact, most of the comfortable things of existence are given us by others; most thorns and tragedies are of our own preparation. A myriad unseen hands labor in fields and mines, sail ships and handle trains to bring to my table bread and salt, knife and meat, to put coals in my grate, and a coat on my back, but it is I alone who fare forth to sin or to pray, to fall or to triumph.

Every day I take the usufruct of Socrates' wisdom, of Washington's patriotism, of Jesus' teachings. These things descend upon me quiet as dew, and refreshing and calmly wholesome, they protect, cheer and strengthen me; and then think how little of all this gentle good their benefactors got for their own comfort! When I consider the heroes, who overturned ancient frauds, broke tyrannies and lightened the souls in darkness, I am reminded of a rhyme in Dante's Purgatory where Statius said to Virgil:

"Thou art like one who walks by night, carrying a lantern behind him, so that he gets no good from it himself, but helps those who follow."—*Frank Crane*.

Think how monotonous time would be, if we did not take time out to celebrate great events and to live for a time with our ideals. The pioneers were happy to celebrate all holidays, the pauses or milestones of the year, knowing that courage and faith were reborn when they met in holiday reunion.

CHRISTMAS

Throughout all times, Christmas celebrations have carried the golden thread of good will toward mankind, the gracious spirit of the Master. The lapse of nearly two thousand years has not caused the thrill to cease as we think of the shepherds as they herded their flocks at night

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on the hills of Bethlehem. For selfishness is rebuked and the spirit of giving is fostered. Thus it was in the early days of Utah. The pioneers and their children looked forward to the "Day of Days," and although the conditions surrounding their living were often stern and hard, Christmas was a day of joy and peace. President Young had returned to Winter quarters to spend the winter of 47-48 and from that place issued greetings to all the world, December 23, 1847.

"We are at peace with all nations, with all kingdoms, with all powers, with all governments, with all authorities under the whole heavens, except the kingdom and powers of darkness, which are from beneath, and are ready to stretch forth our arms to the four quarters of the globe, extending salvation to every honest soul; for our mission in the Gospel of Jesus Christ is from sea to sea, and from river to the ends of the earth; and the blessings of the Lord are upon us; and when every other arm shall fail, the power of the Almighty will be manifest in our behalf; for we ask nothing but what is right, we want nothing but what is right, and God has said that our strength shall be equal to our day; and we invite all Presidents, and Emperors, and Kings, and Princes, and Nobles, and Governors, and Rulers, and Judges, and all nations, kindreds, tongues and people under the whole heavens, to come and help us to build a house to the name of the God of Jacob, a place of peace, a city of rest, a habitation for the oppressed of every clime, even for those that love their neighbor as they do themselves, and who are willing to do as they would be done unto; and this we are determined to do, and we will do, God being our helper; and we will help every one that will help to sustain good and wholesome laws for the protection of virtue and punishment of vice. * * *

"We ask no pre-eminence; we want no pre-eminence; but where God has placed us, there we will stand; and that is, to be one with our brethren, and our brethren are those that keep the commandments of God, that do the will of our Father who is in heaven; and by them we will stand, and with them we will dwell in time and in eternity.

"Come then, ye Saints of Latter Days, and all ye great and small, wise and foolish, rich and poor, noble and ignoble, exalted and persecuted, rulers and ruled of the earth, who love virtue and hate evil, and help us to do this work, which the Lord hath required at our hands; and inasmuch as the glory of the latter house shall exceed that of the former, your reward shall be an hundred fold, and your rest shall be glorious. Our universal motto, "Peace with God, and good will to all men." * * *

Written at Winter Quarters, Omaha Nation, west bank of Missouri River, near Council Bluffs, North America, and signed December 23rd, 1847, in behalf of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles.

Brigham Young, President.
Willard Richards, Clerk.

THE PIONEER CHRISTMAS

Gently, reverently, now we turn back the pages of history—for the leaves are all yellow with age, frail and must be handled with a careful

touch, for the hearts that lived them and the hands that penned them are stilled. They can never be reproduced and, for the wise forethought of those who have recorded them, these many years, we and our children's children could never know the happiness and joy, as well as the great endurance and suffering and the final victory of achievement of the Pioneers.

The Day of Days that all civilized humanity joyously observed, be they rich or poor, is the day of Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men—Our Christmas. Though far from the Old World and its customs, with work-filled days and restful Sabbaths, this day was observed fittingly; the true Christmas spirit of Peace prevailed, in sharp contrast to their recent days of persecutions.

The first Christmas in the valley was one of Thanksgiving and prayer. Food was scarce and many of the people were lodged in the Old Fort. While the winter was a mild one, there was intense suffering, especially among the women and children. There were no Christmas gifts but the larger ones thought of good will and mutual helpfulness. Everybody was ready to help and share with his neighbor. A young girl who lived to be a beautiful old lady tells this story: "I remember our first Christmas in the Valley. We all worked as usual that day. The men gathered sage brush, and some even plowed, for though it had snowed, the ground was soft and the plows were used nearly the entire day. Christmas came on Saturday. We celebrated the day on the Sabbath when all gathered around the flag pole in the center of the Fort and there held a meeting. What a meeting it was! We sang praises to God; we all joined in the opening prayer and the speaking that day will always be remembered. They were words of thanksgiving and cheer; not an unkind word was uttered. The people were hopeful and buoyant because of their great faith in the work they were undertaking. After the meeting there was handshaking all around. Some wept with joy. The children played in the enclosure and around a sage brush fire that night we gathered and sang 'Come, Come Ye Saints, No Toil Nor Labor Fear, But With Joy Wend Your Way.' That day we had boiled rabbit and a little bread for dinner. Father had shot some rabbits and it was a feast. All had enough to eat. In the sense of perfect peace and good will I never had a happier Christmas in all my life. That was the Christmas of '47."

Let us take a peep into one of those little cabins made of logs. Two rooms answered all purposes—kitchen, dining room, parlor and bedroom. Good taste and refinement were in evidence. In the center of one side was the huge fireplace which not only served the purpose of a heating and cooking stove, but also furnished light when night closed down upon the valley. A cupboard made from a large packing box, a table, wash bench, and some stools with a little rocking chair completed the furniture of these rooms. In two corners of the smaller room were built-in beds, with poles and pegs and ropes for springs, and what bedding they brought with them. Boxes were decorated with the material from the ample folds of their calico skirts and were used as dressers. Built-in shelves in the corners held their books and treasures brought from the old home. There were dirt floors. Simplicity and frugality prevailed. In such a cabin as this, Sister Maidens answered her small son's question: "Mamma, can Santa Claus find us way out here?"

THE PIONEERS' FIRST CHRISTMAS

On that Christmas, in this valley stood
Rude homes of men around the Old Fort Square
Two thousand souls or less were living there,
Bound by the ties of faith and brotherhood.
All day they labored—some with hammer's din,
Some molding "doby" bricks—mud to their knees.
Thankful, the dreaded winter still was mild,
They sang, with happy wives and babes within
A shelter mean as cradled Mary's child.
But unlike us, in surfeit, hard to please;
In each brave heart, there was a Yuletide glow
Of gratitude that we can never know.

That day, they toiled to till the stubborn sod,
But kept His birth in silent prayer to bless
Their little ones,—to save them from distress.
(In tinsel mockery, we worship God.)
They found no hour to deck a Christmas tree—
No cheery wreaths of holly green to twine,
Except, perhaps, a home-made stocking doll.
No myriad toys for tiny children's glee.
The older ones received no gifts at all,
But told with joy the stories so divine
Of Mary's babe, the wise men and the star—
We oft forget how beautiful they are.

That night they gathered round bright sagebrush fires,
Singing "Come, come ye Saints, with joy wend your way."
Deprived of church wherein to praise and pray,
They saw in dreams, a temple's Gothic spires.
That eve, no shop beguiled with dazzling arc—
No traveled road, but treeless, muddy lane;
No radiant hearth in sumptuous home of stone,
They groped their weary path through rayless dark
To log and "doby" huts both cold and lone;
Yet with no thought for pleasure or for gain,
They looked to Him all hardship to assuage,
And hoped to leave a blessed heritage.

That heritage is ours this Christmas Day—
O Mary's Son, we have so much to share,
We live in wealth and ease, with princely fare,
When hours o'erflow with pleasantness and play.
Why hear the Christmas chimes with discontent?
For though we fear no savage foe, as then,
That old-time joy is absent from the heart;
No mystic star is in the firmament,
This holy day is but a crowded mart.
O wonderful, the faith of those true men,

In love and joy of service, may we grow
Like those brave spirits of the Long Ago.
—Jessie Miller Robinson.

Salt Lake City.

In 1848, Christmas Day was mild, yet the day was dull. It was properly observed in the infant colony. The brethren commenced shooting ravens. President Young and Lorenzo B. Young spent the forenoon in the office. Thomas Bullock made out certain articles of agreement and a list of hunters; also a notice for the field day on the following Monday. (This information is from an original entry made in the Church Historian's Office, Genealogical Department.)

"Tuesday, December 25th, 1849, one hundred and fifty persons assembled by invitation at President Young's house in greater Salt Lake City to celebrate Christmas day. The tables were twice filled by the company and all were feasted with the good things of the valley. When the tables were removed, dancing commenced, which was continued with energy, without interruption, except for supper, until a late hour."

At this time fruits did not grow here, or nuts, except in a wild state, and freighting was just beginning. Sugar was sold at an exorbitant price, so was honey that was sipped by the bees from the wonderful profusion of wild flowers in the canyons and the locust tree blossoms,—and molasses from the sugar cane were the foundation of the earliest candies made in almost every home that could afford them. Sweets were not encouraged, being considered injurious, but at Christmas time candy canes made of molasses or a honey taffy were indeed a luxury. Cookies made of slightly sweetened dough and cut into all sorts of animal shapes and little gingerbread men with dried currant eyes and buttons were happily received in the children's stockings. Later came the fluffy pop-corn balls, for pop-corn could be raised in one season.

We read from the age-yellow pages of the *Deseret News* of December 28th, 1850, this quaint Christmas season greeting: "As many a merry Christmas to our patrons and friends as they are willing to tarry here in mortality to enjoy." The weather was beautiful, sky clear, cloudless. Atmosphere mild, still. The people happy, cheered by Captain Pitt's brass band, 26 in number, which paraded the streets on horse-back, serenading at the governor's and various houses, producing smiles and joy through the city.

We read from the self-same files that on December 16th, 1851, a meeting of the hands engaged in public works was called to arrange to celebrate Christmas. A picnic party was arranged for, to be held in Carpenter's Hall. Superintendents, architects, and foremen in various departments were to form Committee on Arrangements with Hon. Daniel H. Wells as chairman and Miles Romney as clerk—the meeting was adjourned at early candle light.

Beautifully printed Christmas invitations reading:

Christmas Festival

"By truth we conquer,

By industry we thrive."

were enclosed in embossed envelopes and dispatched to the hands whose names were submitted by the committee.

Early Christmas morning, Thursday, December 25th, several companies of serenaders with brass instruments made the sleeping mountains echo with sounds of rejoicing. Our attention was drawn more particularly to the Governor's Mansion in front of which was drawn up in military order the Brass Band, giving His Excellency a good wish in sweet strains.

At 10 o'clock a. m. the Committee on Management was in respectful waiting to receive those who were invited to the party. The Carpenter's Hall, one hundred feet long by 32 feet wide, admirably adapted for a mammoth party, was comfortably and suitably decorated for the occasion.

Now the merry workmen and their happy wives and smiling daughters, clad in genteel apparel, came pouring in from every quarter, loaded with an abundance of luxuries of every description, which were deposited in the machine room, 40 feet square. This was also the ladies' dressing room.

At 11 o'clock the house was called to order and a suitable prayer of thanksgiving was offered by Bishop N. H. Felt. The band struck up a merry tune. His Excellency, Governor Young, the Hon. H. C. Kimball and other dignitaries led off the first cotillion. The excellent order and quick succession of dances did great honor to the management. We counted from 96 to 144 persons on the floor at once. These were set in order at the same time we have seen four cotillions at other parties. There was no confusion, no complaining. The day passed in peace and happy merriment and thanksgiving to the Father of all mercies. Each family, when they desired, retired to the dressing room and partook of their refreshments and cool clear water from the mountains. The atmosphere was not polluted with tobacco fumes or the drunkard's breath. We thought of the gloomy past and of the glorious present, of the prospective future. Every heart beat high with gratitude and gladness, every countenance lit up with the bright fire of enduring friendship. We thought of our friends in other lands wishing they were with us. At 7 p. m., among other songs that were sung Phineas Young sang "Farewell to Nauvoo." Governor Young said, "Five years ago hundreds of families were menaced, cruelly persecuted, driven as wanderers, exiled and destitute. Today we have surmounted these difficulties and are happily assembled in the chambers of these mountains with none to make us afraid, far from our persecutors and the turmoil and confusion of the world. The Lord has poured out His blessings upon you to surpass all former times. Your barns and presses are filled with fine wheat and other produce of these days, your tables groan under the abundance of blessings of the Almighty. There is no room for complaint. The day of plenty has come to pass in a great measure. This is a party for public hands, those laboring for public good. I am a public hand myself and all I possess belongs to the Lord."

He talked on tithing and resolved to build a house unto the Lord where He can come or send His servants. The deep-toned voices of the public hands answered "Yea." He blessed them all in the name of the Lord.

General Wells announced Captain Hooper had sent a gift of candies and raisins to the party. A vote of thanks was given Captain Hooper for his handsome present and it was given to the poor who could not buy these luxuries.

The dancing and merriment continued until 10:30 o'clock p. m. Benediction pronounced by Father Morley.

The next day at 10 o'clock the seats in Carpenter's Hall were filled

with the not-to-be-surpassed fair daughters of Zion and the brave-hearted sons of God. Called to order, prayer was offered by A. H. Raleigh; dancing conducted as on previous day and order, joy and hilarity manifested, after the hall was illuminated, the company was treated to a feast in the shape of vocal and instrumental music by Mr. John Kay, his lady and two daughters. The one performed well on the guitar, the other, the tambourine, at the same time accompanying the instruments with their voices. The sweet voice of Mrs. Kay and the deep-toned bass of Mr. Kay produced a species of harmony highly delightful to the ear. The performance was much applauded. Brother Kay sang "The Seer." President Richards made touching remarks. George A. Smith addressed them and dancing was resumed until 12 o'clock. A vote of thanks responded to by five hundred voices and benediction pronounced by Father Cahoon. The assembly retired much gratified by their Christmas festival, the best thing they had ever witnessed, and feeling persuaded that it was only an earnest endeavor of that which was to come."—G. D. Watts, Reporter.

The Christmas Celebration of 1852 took the form of a dedication. The 14th Ward School House—west on First South—being finished. The Quorum of the Twelve were represented by John Taylor, Wilford Woodruff, A. Lyman and F. D. Richards.

Captain Ballo's band played lively tunes. All the above Apostles made speeches. They "wanted to see schools established where higher education could be taught as well as the A B C's," where the fine men and women of the future could be trained to carry on the work. Meeting adjourned till 3 o'clock when dancing commenced. All were invited. Tickets to the dance cost 50 cents. Elder Woodruff led the cotillion in one wing of the building, Elder F. D. Richards in the other. The speeches were all in the cause of higher education. At 12 o'clock they closed with prayer. The 14th Ward Celebration became annual.

The Juvenile Instructor of December 16th, 1868, states: "As it is too cold for the children to go out, the Christmas tree should be brought into the homes or school rooms, and such gifts as are possible be hung thereon. In the school room a reward of merit might be used."

Let us push aside the curtains and look into the home life of President Young's family: At the Lion House we find a community kitchen presided over each week in turn by a different wife, but all united in the early Christmas decorations. There existed a community dining room too, and all fared alike at the meals. In the many bed rooms were open fireplaces with mantles above, and here the stockings were hung after evening prayers had been said conjointly in the dining room at 7 p. m.

Of the Bee Hive House on Christmas eve in later years Clarissa Young Spencer, the youngest daughter of Lucy Decker Young, says: "We hung up our stockings on the mantle for we had no Christmas trees in the early days. Our Christmas bundles came from John Haslam's store arranged for by father for each individual family. There were toys such as bugles and drums for the boys and beautifully painted rag dolls for the girls made by Elsie Long in her little "Art" shop near Dinwoodey's Store. These dolls were not dressed so we learned to sew for them. Our newest supplies in winter clothing were usually given us as Christmas gifts. Among them were pretty knitted garters and stockings, mittens and wrist bands, also neck pieces and nubias (a fancy sort of head scarf or fascinator). We did

not exchange gifts—my earliest recollection of exchanging was a book mark made out of the wool we used to pick from our pretty knitted goods. These lint wool colors were lovely. Later as our Christmas trees came they were decorated with gold and silver paper ornaments and pop-corn. We did not light them as father did not approve of candles because of the danger of fire. We had honey taffy and molasses candy too, and a huge can or jar filled with cookies, a custom I have kept up to this day. Family prayers were said at 7 o'clock in the morning in the different homes before breakfast. I shall never forget the delicious sugar-coated almond candy that Brother Brown used to make in later years. His Pioneer Candy Store was just one door west of the old Salt Lake Theater. Father liked simple wholesome foods and was usually very frugal."

Mabel Y. Sanborn says: "Our Christmas trees were decorated on the stage of the Social Hall and Hiram B. Clawson distributed the gifts to the children assembled there. There were about 63. I remember distinctly dropping my curly-haired china doll there and breaking it. I was only three years old, just before we moved to St. George."

"Dancing was not always easy on the ponched floors of the early homes," said Susa Young Gates. These were rough-hewn long log boards and not always even.

Many are the memories of the rag dolls and the worsted stitched balls made from old stocking ravelings. W. W. Riter says: "In New Yorker families, Santa always came down the chimney so the Pioneers of that section carried out in a primitive way that kind of Christmas. From New England came the descendants of Puritans. They used simplicity in all their celebrations. Visiting was the chief amusement of the day. Men would take fiddles from house to house singing and playing. Practical jokes such as a corn cob or coal in the stockings was recalled by Harrison Sperry. The dance on Christmas was the happiest of the season. James H. Anderson remembers games were played in lieu of toys and books and clothing made him happy. Sometimes the dances lasted almost all night. He said Judge McMaster's father called to his daughter: "Annie, you'd better bring the young man in to breakfast."

"I came from Scotland," said an old pioneer and "as soon as Christmas came I wondered what I could do for the children. In my childhood we had short cake at Christmas, so as best I could with the material at hand, I made short cake and cut gingerbread into the shapes of men, girls and animals and gave them to the children."

Another from Denmark said: "At Christmas eve the family all joined in a family party. Sweet soup made of rice and fruit juice and stick candy and rock candy crystalized on a string were made by the Pioneer mother."

Pioneer Foster, 82 years of age, said she didn't own a cookie cutter so she made paper patterns and thought they far surpassed the cookie cutter.

On Christmas morning when all were having a hard struggle to exist, a kindly neighbor brought a bowl of fresh rendered lard to the Penrose home in one of the northern settlements. It was a welcome gift—they were very glad to use it in place of butter on the bread, with salt.

"Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight, Make me a child again just for tonight." Let me live again those happy days in the little three-room adobe house across the street west of the Old Fort. Let me see again my sweet-faced patient mother, Magdalene Schneider Reiser and my

energetic, ambitious father, Henry Reiser, as they secretly prepared our Christmas. I was the youngest of seven, but four of them on the hillside lie. Only one brother and one sister remained. Coming from the Alps of Switzerland they attached great sentiment to Christmas. Our little open fireplace was the center of attraction, stockings were hung on the mantle. The little rag doll that mother made with worsted dress thrilled my childish heart. Later came the yellow-haired china doll and the little slate whose frame was bound with red flannel held by black cord, biased stitches, and the box of slate pencils with which I learned to write; the Noah's Ark so filled with wooden animals in pairs. My knitted hood with cape collar and my linsey petticoat with woolen lace were my greatest pride. These were made while I slept and always were surprises. My last doll, a beautiful, big wax one with flaxen hair, seated in a little wooden carriage, minus springs, was a priceless treasure for many years. On the bedroom mantle stood a little pair of red-topped boots with brass toes, as long as I remember, sacred to us all. The little blue-eyed boy who had found them by his Christmas stocking had died two months later. He used to ride a wooden boot jack overturned for a sled they told me, before my brother Albert had a heavy wooden home-made sled with strong steel runners bought from the Z.C.M.I. and hammered into shape by the neighborhood blacksmith. A big wooden trunk painted green and blue with Albert painted in black letters was one of his early gifts. Books and magazines to rejoice over always came to our home. From early childhood there were gifts of jewelry for my father was a watchmaker and jeweler. My tiny gold Bible on a fine gold chain fastened to a snowy white card thrilled me, but the little ruby ear-rings never left their card. I did not have the courage to have my ears pierced. My older sister wore beautiful ones with heavy gold drops and a flat open-faced watch deeply engraved on a long black silk cord around her neck and tucked it into a tiny pocket high up on the bodice of her dress, for she was quite the lady in long dresses at 16, being ten years older than I. Her black ebony bracelets mounted with daintily carved flowers were among her earliest treasures.

Oh! but that tree, our first, gay with pink and yellow and blue paper chains and tassels, the English walnuts father gilded and put tooth pick stems on to tie on to the tree; pop-corn streamers from every branch and the red candy animals, so new and priceless. The golden star on the peak at the top. Wasn't it gorgeous!

Underneath our tree a new gray linsey dress with red braid trimming and a little hatchet to be used in the niche, well hollowed in the rock hearth-stone, where we cracked our native walnuts of which there were bushels in the garret. You see father had planted nut trees and all kinds of fruit trees when he first came to the valley. He was a wonderful provider for he had three families on the 20 by 12 rod corner lot. There were three wives and 15 children in all. Three happier girls, nearly the same age, loving each other dearly, from three different mothers, never could be found than Alice, Sidona and myself. We had no grandmothers; they never left their Fatherland. So our visits were to each other's homes and right merry we made them shouting "merry Christmas" early on that morning. We were always welcomed and given sweet cakes made from sweetened dough, braided or twisted into doll shapes sprinkled with sugar and currants. Christmas season, however, would not be complete unless a number of Indians had knocked at the door and asked for Christmas

gifts of food or clothing, plainly telling us what they wanted. They were always treated well and we became fast friends.

Of all the wonderful pictures on memory's wall, these of Maud Bliss Allen's childhood please us best of all:

"I have told of the little home where I was born. It was in this humble little adobe cottage where we spent our Christmas. So long as I live, many of the happy moments of my childhood will ever remain with me, and uppermost, the supreme occasion where we spent our Christmas each year with Grandmother Watmough.

"The holidays always brought us back home to the little cottage on Quince Street. The only Christmas seasons we were ever separated were the three years we lived in Scofield, Utah.

"The preparation for the holidays commenced the middle of November when grandmother would make her great fruit cake and her old-fashioned plum pudding, both made by the recipe she brought with her across the water from Lancashire, England. The Plum Pudding! 'It must be made early so that it would ripen well before we ate it,' she said.

"Her mode of living was for the greater part toward economy, but as I would stand on my box, by the little old-fashioned drop-leaf table with the leaves spread, and watch her measure, pound for pound, the ingredients, and mix them together just so, and make these holiday morsels, as she called them, of the very best of everything. I thought her quite extravagant at this time of the year. The pudding must always be boiled six hours.

"'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house, but I cannot add 'Quiet as a mouse,' for everything was hustle and bustle preparing for the Great Day. Finally after the rush was all over, and the gifts we were to give placed by the old mantle-piece, we would all say our prayers, and hang up our stockings, each carefully labeled from grandmother's down the line to the youngest child, so that Santa could make no mistakes. How I remember that picture, those stockings hanging all in a row by our old-fashioned fireplace!

"I had learned to appear in public at a very early age, and grandmother would always have me stand on a chair, in the center of the room, and lend a little atmosphere to the night by telling her the little poem she herself had known as a child, and to say it again for her, of the poor lad, with his papers, standing in the snow on Christmas eve, and how we had given the sad orphan boy 'all tattered and torn, our hapney and our pence,' and then I must say for her especial self 'The Night Before Christmas' as they all sat in a circle around me. I was most enthused when I would shout, 'On Comet, on Cupid, on Dunder and Blitzen.' Then they would all kiss me and tuck us all snugly in our beds. How quiet we would lie, with our heads half raised from our pillows, waiting and waiting to catch the sound of each tiny hoof upon our roof, until finally from sheer exhaustion we would fall asleep. We never could just understand how we just missed him. It seemed so short a time would elapse till someone shouted 'Christmas Gift, Christmas Gift' and we would answer 'Happy Christmas' to all our loved ones, and the Great Day had dawned.

"There were the stockings, just as we had hung them, right in their place, but filled to the top with oh! such goodies, and an apple and an orange, which we must eat first, instead of so many sweets. There on top of the mantle, standing in dignified rows, was our Christmas candy menagerie, the elephant and the camel leading the procession, and the dogs and the

monkeys, with the roosters and the deer and the rabbit, all in their red and gold colors. They all seemed so beautiful to my childish heart. We always had to see how long we could keep them, but many days after, when the heat had turned the outside to a sugary coating, then we would eat them, for they had lost their luster and beauty. After they were gone it seemed that the last of the holidays had passed.

"After we had looked at our gifts, we were called to the morning prayer. Her Prayer. How I remember it. It was beautiful. 'Oh God, please bless us this glorious day, to keep us from all harm and accident.' She would thank our Heavenly Father for Christ, who was born on this day in a lowly manger, who grew up so humble, to be ridiculed, hated and despised, to be persecuted and finally crucified, that we may understand the resurrection and the life, and from her prayer we were taught the meaning of 'peace on earth, good will toward men'.

"Eagerly we would await the ringing of the Christmas Chimes coming from the large church bell a few blocks away. The clear notes thrilled me so, coming over the crisp morning air, it seemed the one fitting thing to make the hour complete.

"We would spend the day visiting and helping prepare the banquet, sometimes a goose, sometimes a chicken or a turkey filled with savory dressing accompanied by all the good things to make a dinner complete and always to finish up—a dish of plum pudding covered with dip sauce, seasoned with 'just a drop of brandy'. That never-to-be forgotten Christmas Dinner in the old home, prepared by loving hands and enjoyed by us all—what a cherished memory!

"Grandmother's gift to me was always a doll, a book and a game. How pretty they were, those china, black curly-headed dolls, with their china hands and legs, and the little shoes painted black and their sawdust bodies. It used to be great sport to sew their clothes.

"Only one thing was required of us. We must take good care of our gifts, and especially our books. Mother and Grandmother seemed to have a sort of worship for good books and for literature. I kept them many years in hopes that some day my children would see and enjoy them, but two months before my second child was born they were unfortunately destroyed by fire, together with my many dolls and trinkets.

"For many years after Grandma Watmough had passed away, we kept Christmas just the same in the old home. It was the one thing we knew she could wish us to do. My cousin Carrie gathered her posterity together and made happy this eventful day of days.

Again the Christmas had ended
And twilight had sunk in the West.
She gathered her loved ones around her
To give thanks for ideal happiness.

—Maud Bliss Allen."

Never in the history of Utah was there greater need for her people to follow in the footsteps of her brave Pioneers. They sowed the seed in the soil and soul. We must do the same today. So, with a song on your lips and gratitude in your hearts,

Keep up your heart. The Christ doth own
The hidden seed your life hath sown.

His promise stands—do not despair,
Your soul shall reap some day, somewhere.
‘Tis yours to trust tho fields lie bare
God holds the seed love scattered there.
Then keep up heart, sow on and pray,
For you shall reap with God some day.

The things to be remembered of Christmas in those by-gone days: There was but one Santa in each home. Families did not make a burden of exchanging gifts. There were no installment plan payments, reaching months into another year.

“Do not lose the Star of Christmas. It lights the path on which alone we can find salvation and meet Him for whom the Happy Day is named.”—Mrs. Mary Reiser Gallacher.

(Daughter Gallacher wrote the above article at my request and read it in a Salt Lake County meeting. She passed away Sept.—, 1938)—K. B. C.

ONE CHRISTMAS WHEN LORENZO D. YOUNG PLAYED SANTA CLAUS

In order that you may understand what a few gifts at Christmas time meant to a group of pioneer children, I will have to describe the community and the conditions under which the people lived.

My father was foreman over the “United Order” cattle for 12 years, and when the Order was discontinued there was nothing for the young people to do but branch out and make homes for themselves. So my father, Thomas Stolorow, and seven or eight young cowboys rode away to find a new home.

They found a valley lying in the shape of a horse shoe almost surrounded by high mountains. It had a wonderful climate, there was plenty of land and water, with only a few families living on the bank of the mountain stream. The man took up a homestead right on the vacant land and built three log houses, then they returned for their families.

In the spring of 1886, father and several others loaded up wagons for pioneering again. All farm implements were put on one wagon; extra food and provisions on another. They had planned to take provisions for a year. The wagons were loaded with flour, dried fruit, molasses, jerked meats, beans, corn and all kinds of seeds. There were also several kegs of butter they had saved while they were at the dairy. The butter was put in the kegs while fresh, then the kegs were filled with salty brine, then a tight lid was put on. When the butter was used it would have to be in water overnight and worked good to get the salt out of it. It seemed the best butter ever eaten.

Then with father, mother, my sister four years old, myself, and fathers’ other wife, Hannah, we started out. After a long journey we arrived at Huntington, Emery County.

When the “Order” was going, Mother had put three cows in the Order, but when it broke up, she was only allowed one cow. Mother did not think it was fair and told Brigham Young so. He said, “Don’t worry, Lydia, you did your part and I promise you in the name of the Lord that your one cow will do you more good than any three cows.” And she surely did. About a week before Christmas a man came to Huntington with six head of oxen. He tried to buy feed for them; but there was no feed to be

found. One morning father found all six head of oxen in our corn fodder; they had destroyed it all. Father was very angry; Mother cried. The man did not have any money to pay for the feed. He said he was leaving but he had a forty gallon barrel of molasses that we could have. When he had left the molasses I heard father and mother talking. Father said, “Don’t give up. I will go to Emery and buy a load of straw and the Lord can bless the straw as well as corn.” When he got back, the cow ate the straw as though it were the best of hay. Can you imagine a Christmas under such conditions? Mother listening to the children’s prattle about Christmas. Every one had prayed to the Heavenly Father for Santa to find them. The men were busy making chairs out of willows, and cradles for dolls. The women made big rag dolls with eyes made of buttons and yarn for hair. The day before Christmas, we kiddies were told to go play and not come in the house and bother. We all ganged up and played steal sticks, run sheep run, or anything to keep moving and warm. When we were running we would have a chance to smell something real good as some of the mothers would come out and run home with something very nice in their aprons. The mothers had mixed, rolled, cut and baked ginger bread dolls, all sizes. There were dogs, cats and horses with raisins for eyes. They were made out of bran ginger bread with just enough precious flour to hold it together.

On that Christmas morning, there were rag dolls in cradles made from willows, ginger bread dolls, and great big sticks of molasses candy. Father went outdoors and there in the doorway sat a great big new rocking chair with a big bundle in it. Father brought the bundle in, then the chair. He picked mother up and sat her in it. In the bundle was 40 yards of gray linsey, a bundle of floss, 40 yards of factory, 10 pounds of sugar, a lot of dried fruit, six papers of tea, a lot of nuts, 10 pounds of store candy! Just think, lumps of clear candy with flowers through it, striped candy, pretty lumps that looked like little cakes; two white candy bird nests with little eggs and a little blue bird. It was the most beautiful thing we had ever seen. Then there were two boxes with our names on them. When we opened them there were two dolls all dressed. One with dark hair and a pink dress, the other had light hair and a blue dress. They would open and shut their eyes. It was the first dolls we had ever seen. A letter in the bottom from Great Grandfather Lorenzo Young saying:

“Dear Lydia: I cannot help worrying about you away off there wondering if you are cold and hungry. When Br. Oliphant was going through Huntington to his home I hired him to take a few things for you for Christmas. Hoping you a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year.”

Now I will tell you how we enjoyed that Christmas. I will begin with the gray linsey, as of course the factory was used later for under garments, sheets and pillow cases. Grandfather got a new suit of gray linsey and we could not understand why mother cried as she cut a pattern from Grandfather’s velvet coat and vest and then sewed on father’s suit. Father put his arm around her and said “Never mind. it will be so much better and warmer. I can hardly wait to try it on.” Mother and Aunt Hannah made them each a dress, cut princess style. My sister and I each had two slips to wear under our aprons, also two new Sunday dresses. Mother embroidered them and we were so proud of our new dresses. All the women and children were barefooted, so Sister Marshall cut and sewed the tops for